

The Quill

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

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SO WE DO WHAT THE DAILIES DON'T DO • By Richard H. Miller

GANGWAY FOR THE GUMPS! • By Martin Sheridan

STANDING WATCH WITH A SCRIBE AT SEA • By Ralph B. Jordan

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THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

NOW we want to turn to the story of Charles L. Vance and his pants—a story which we've lifted bodily from the "Listening in On Detroit" column in the *Detroit News*, conducted by that yarn-gathering but not wool-gathering fellow worker of ours, H. C. L. Jackson:

"The Dutch boy of song and story who stuck his thumb in the hole in the dike and thus saved Holland has nothing on Charles L. Vance. He stuck in his pants and saved the Wide World Wired-Photo Service—

"Upon on the fourth floor of our distinguished building, a bevy of workmen are hacking, hammering, picking and shoveling. On this floor is located the Wide World Wired-Photo Service—one of those pictures-by-wire outfits that brings you photos of world events practically before the events have happened.

"Naturally the darkness where these pictures come through, has to be thick, turgid and persistent.

"It was in this room that Charlie was attending to his duties when, with a bop and a couple of clatters, through the roof came an uninvited pick and a beam of sheer sunlight.

"Such light beating on the picture machine would wreck the prints in no time. Something must be done. Did Charlie fail in this emergency? No. Like an eel he shucked off his pants, wadded 'em up and packed 'em neatly in the uninvited hole. All was darkness again and the pictures came through.

"It comes as a pleasure to learn that Charlie has been rewarded for this devotion to duty. The Wired-Photo executives are paying for the pressing of Charlie's trenchant pants."

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14891 Artesian Avenue
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THIS one has to do with a reporter we'll call Rex and a photographer whom we'll call Scotty—since those happens to be their respective names.

Assigned to an out-of-town story, they quickly got under way. Rex, who believes it well to be prepared for any sort of emergency, thoughtfully provided himself with a bottle of whisky at the first available liquor store. Not that he had any particular idea of doing any drinking—but there have been

[Concluded on page 23]



A. C. G. Hammesfahr

IT was a free-for-all fight we were watching—a knock-down-and-drag-out affair between a Sunday newspaper, a movie and the radio. Each was contesting bitterly for the prize of public attention and, for awhile, it looked as if the newspaper might be getting the worst of it.

Then, something happened—the Hindenburg disaster, perhaps, or it may have been the English Coronation, or the Duke of Windsor's marriage. Whatever it was, it gave the newspaper second wind, so that the contest was once more evenly matched with odds, if anything, favoring the newspaper.

I put the matter thus because, whether we like it or not, the fact remains that public interest between the press, the motion picture and the radio is just about evenly divided, and it's anybody's guess which one of the three on different days is uppermost in public favor. Those of us who are homogeneous to the press want to

Sunday Papers Need the Personal Touch

By A. C. G. HAMMESFAHR

President, Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, Inc.

see age triumph, for the Fourth Estate was an old and hallowed institution before its two juvenile contemporaries were even born.

THREE'S another reason, too, for our wanting to see the press win. It's the tradition it enjoys for educational leadership and moral force, for, say what you will, the newspaper by and large is a pretty worth while institution. Show it a social abuse, and it will war to correct it, without counting the cost, which is considerably more than can be said of any other medium that reaches the masses.

So, for this reason, the press must continue to win against all comers, for the qualities it possesses make it a thing of inestimable social value to the America of today and tomorrow. It provides us not only with standards by which to make judgments but with vision to see the woods in spite of the trees. In a word, it makes for leadership at times when darkness is upon the world and we need the press to hold a lamp unto our feet that we may better find our way.

This, the press has done and against odds, too, that were all but overwhelming, for despite the competition of radio and motion picture, as well as increased cost to the reader, the papers themselves have steadily increased in circulation. The ability indeed that they have shown for hold-

ing their own and better in the midst of a changed and changing scene of American life is a testimonial to their own inherent readability and to their editors' and publishers' consummate showmanship.

It wasn't always easy either. The news often isn't a dramatic thing, nor were the editors' materials those of the song and dance man, with which their competitors in other fields work. On the contrary, theirs, as a common rule, were the simple, homely forces that inform and shape and improve the lives that come under their influence, a fact which, in itself, makes American journalism the admirable institution it has been and is. Yet, in this changed and changing scene, with rival elements bidding for attention, how, one may wonder, can the press go still farther in its effort to maintain an unquestioned supremacy?

FIRST, let us ask, what single factor is greatest in the creation of a successful newspaper? Is it the speed or is it the accuracy with which the news is reported? Or do the paper's special writers, its sob-sisters and wise brothers, account for its successful appeal? Possibly, more than anything else, the issue is decided by what may be called *editorial personality*, that intangible thing of likes and dislikes, of sympathies and animosities, that strikes a responsive chord in our own

HERE is a spirited plea for individuality—*editorial personality*—in the Sunday newspapers, particularly their magazine and feature sections, voiced by a man actively associated with newspapers through his position as president of Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, Inc., the organization selling advertising space in the comic and rotogravure sections of a group of major Sunday newspapers. Mr. Hammesfahr began his business career with Armour & Co., then turned to the publishing field. He has served as circulation manager of Advertising, vice-president and general manager of Collier's Weekly, and business manager of Cosmopolitan. Head of the Metropolitan group since 1932, he has played a major role in the transformation of newspaper rotogravure sections from the hodge-podge, catch-as-catch-can type of content to pictorial feature or magazine sections.

mechanism and gives the newspaper the identity of a living thing.

Such a quality in a successful paper, and especially a successful Sunday paper, is a compound of publishing policy and the astute application of editorial principles. Through these, in turn, is drained and sifted the NEWS—vital, challenging, arresting—and still warm from the hand of its purveyor. Please note and remember that last phrase, for it has an important bearing on what is to come.

This then is the Sunday newspaper, as we know it—strong in its own individuality, dynamic in purpose and as eternally new as tomorrow. Hand-made and home-made, it derives its appeal from the fact that through it we feel the warm and beating heart of the life all about us. It is only when we receive into our hands along with it a sizeable syndicated feature supplement that this impression of individuality fades.

For such supplements, edited by magazine-minded people, are prepared far in advance and designed to appeal to large areas of readers. Contrived to cover the largest scope and reach the reading interest of the greatest number of readers, they succeed mainly in creating a sense of detach-

ment and remoteness, that places them "out of space and out of time."

Naturally, this results in that lack of warm friendly intimacy, that strong full pulse of the present, which we have come to regard as the Sunday newspaper's chief distinguishing characteristic. The magazine supplement in its very undated detachment is a distinct let-down from the sense of what the rest of the paper has created. You can't be intimate in editorial method when you're telling it to the world, and intimacy of treatment in a Sunday newspaper is an all-important factor.

SO, if there is a single respect in which the Sunday newspaper might strengthen its hand in its fight against its two competitors, the movies and the radio, it lies in the exclusion or control of this extraneous element. I mention "control" because, where the editor is free to pick and choose among the material that is offered, selecting this feature or rejecting that, obviously an advantage may be gained. But where it comes to him *en bloc*, without privilege of change, the fault is as charged.

In the task of creating a successful newspaper, I am reminded of a letter

of advice Horace Greeley once wrote to a country editor who was about to start a new paper. It was written in the springtime of 1860, which is nearly 80 years ago, yet somehow age has not withered its context, and I think most publishers will agree it is a pretty good manual of rules for any editor to follow.

"Begin," it said, "with a clear conception that the subject of deepest interest to an average human being is himself; and next to that he is most concerned about his neighbors."

Mark that! It's a formula for editorial interest the world over, in every land and in every tongue, and it makes one wonder if the arid places in a Sunday paper, if it so happens there are any arid places, are ones that are untouched by the magic of this old-young formula—the interest in me and the interest in thee.

"Asia and the Tonga Islands," Greeley added, "stand a long way after that in his regard."

ASSIA and the Tonga Islands? Is it possible the syndicated magazine section that we find inserted in our Sunday newspaper might rate classification under this dismal heading? Here

[Concluded on page 20]

The Challenge of the Times

By HUGH BAILLIE

President, United Press Associations,
National Honorary President, Sigma Delta Chi

THERE never was a time when the intelligence and integrity of the average newspaperman was of more importance to the people of this country than it is today. For it is upon the faithfulness of these newspapermen to the highest standards of accuracy and impartiality that the people must depend for their knowledge of the great events which are swirling around us, and which have such a tremendous and far-reaching effect upon the lives and happiness of all.

We need more newspapermen who are insulated against every kind of propaganda pressure, for there never was more propaganda loose in this world, than there is today. The reporter is exposed to all sorts of influences, from the grossest bulldozing to the most subtle persuasion. Around every issue nowadays there spring up groups which have come to be called "pressure groups," one of whose prime objectives invariably is to gain a favorable press.

We need more newspapermen who are stimulated by the pride of individual accomplishment, who have the ambition and confidence requisite to carry them to the top, who have the keenly competitive spirit which produces energetic and courageous newspapering. Every newspaperman has his choice between a career of achievement or drifting into uninspired drudgery.

We of Sigma Delta Chi can, if we will, constitute ourselves a tremendous force in keeping the standards high, the enthusiasms alive, so that the present generation of newspapermen will be the smartest, the most dependable, the most responsible, the most respected, the most able and the



Hugh Baillie

A message sent to the Sixth All-Iowa Founders' Day Celebration of Sigma Delta Chi—but of significance to all newspapermen.

most brilliant, in all the history of journalism. To succeed in making Sigma Delta Chi an instrument to this end would be a powerful contribution to the newspaper profession and to the welfare of the people of America.

Let's Look at the Weeklies —



W. W. Loomis

JUST what are you doing in these days of changes to keep your newspapers up to the minute?"

Trying to make them more entertaining.

The question was asked by the editor of **THE QUILL**. In the one sentence is the answer that should be made by every weekly publisher—but isn't.

ALL the other media and organizations that are competing for the time of our readers—radio, movies, dailies, magazines—are giving more and more attention to entertainment features; they never let down in their efforts to make their programs or productions or activities more alluring.

Many weekly papers have not made a single forward step in 20 years—in the presentation of news, in type faces or in makeup. All too many weeklies are dull, monotonous, stodgy. News stories have no more punch than the minutes of the previous meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society.

This indictment does not include all weeklies by any means. Every state has a few alert publishers whose papers are as up-to-date as a streamlined Zephyr.

What are they doing to hold their own in this mad scramble for the time of Mr. and Mrs. Reader?

More pictures. More personal "columns." More local features. More variety in style of writing and in make-up. Larger type and greater variety in heads.

Wide-Awake Sheets Point the Way to Those Lacking in Punch

By W. W. LOOMIS

President, National Editorial Association

Any one who tried to buy a copy of *Life* in its early days had an impressive object lesson on the appeal of pictures. Most large dailies are allotting more space to cartoons, half-tones and comic strips.

FOR many years the cost and length of time required for getting halftones from more-or-less distant cities held down the use of cuts in weekly papers but quite a number of publishers with the pioneering spirit have installed one-man engraving plants and like most experiments, some have been highly successful and others—who thought they could take the office boy and have him turn out high class engravings as a side line to correcting galley and running errands—have had headaches and severe pains in the region of the pocketbook.

One effect has been to spur the city engravers to give faster service and many now ship all orders the day received.

Comic strips—another misnomer—have seldom clicked in weekly papers. About a year ago we felt possibly we were letting prejudice get the better of our desire to keep pace with the

times so we selected the best service we could find and gave the features a big play, using full pages to promote reader interest. We struck no response. After a couple of months of intensive promotion we discovered that not even the folks around the office were interested. Then we left out all the strips one week to see what would happen. We found out. We got one post card on which an "Old Subscriber" printed the word "THANKS!"

Several other publishers in the suburban field took on the service about the same time but after disappointing results they consigned the mats to the brazier. Two column features of Oddities, Foibles of the Great, significant facts from history or nature or science and cartoons without continuity are more popular and certainly help to liven up a page having considerable solid reading matter.

IT is surprising to find how many weeklies are now featuring personal columns. At a meeting of the Indiana Weekly Press Association several publishers testified that their "columns"

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WITH changes coming quickly in every field—including the publishing world in all its divisions—we decided it was time to take a look at the weekly newspapers of the land—to learn what they are doing to keep abreast of the times; wherein they are weak and strong. It is with pleasure that we present such a survey from a man long active in the weekly field and who just recently has been elected president of the National Editorial Association—W. W. Loomis, president of the Citizen Publishing Co. of La Grange, Ill., publishers of the La Grange Citizen and three other papers. The Citizen has won first place three times in contests for general excellence; tied for first once and was second once in the Better Newspaper Contests conducted by the Illinois Press Association in conjunction with the School of Journalism at the University of Illinois; twice has published "the best editorial of the year," twice the best straight news story, once the best feature story and once the best advertising promotion copy.

I Didn't Want the Job, But—

PICTORIAL journalism is new. It is only in recent years that we of the newspapers have really become picture conscious. Editors have discovered that a good photograph has tremendous reader appeal. They have realized the truth in that old proverb attributed to the ancient Chinese, that "one good picture is worth 10,000 words." Only the ancient Chinese understated the case. What they should have said was, "Get one good picture and you don't need any words."

The phenomenal success of *Life*, and the numerous other all-picture magazines which have followed it on the newsstands, is proof that people today want to visualize current events.

The Atlanta Journal uses more pictures than any other daily in the south. I believe we publish more pictures, day in and day out, than any other paper in the United States. My job is to dig up all the photos with which to illustrate local stories, and to edit those that pour in on us by wire, mail and messenger from distant points.

YOU would not call mine an easy job. It keeps me on the jump all day and, sometimes, most of the night. But it is interesting. The picture editor on a wide-awake daily never has occasion to complain of boredom. He doesn't have time to become bored.

I sort of grew up with my job, perhaps that explains why I enjoy it so much. That's strange, too, because I didn't want the job when it was first wished off on me. I had thought I was making a pretty good showing as a feature writer. Then, one day, they snatched me off the Sunday magazine section and told me I was in the picture department.

Picture department? I raised Cain. We didn't have a picture department. The city editor and the telegraph editor looked after their own illustrations, which were mostly morgue cuts and mats, and there was a photographic department, a small art staff and an engraving plant. Everyone worked more or less independently of the other fellow, and the whole set-up was disorganized.

Even if there had been a picture department, though, I didn't want any of it. My big argument was that I didn't know anything about pictures. But that, it turned out, was a boomerang. Nobody else knew anything about pic-

A Picture Editor Discusses His Job; Tells How a Photo Scoop Was Made

By FRED D. MOON

Picture Editor, the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal

tures, either. So into pictures I had to go.

The Journal had just contracted for Wirephoto, but before Wirephoto arrived, we had to prepare for it. We did such a good job of preparation that the picture department now is one of the largest departments on the editorial side of the paper. Our photograph and retouching staffs are among the best in the country, and our engraving shop is the last word in efficiency and speed. So fast do we function that our daily picture page is made up from start to finish, and in the paper, in less than two hours each morning. On several occasions we have lifted a Wirephoto hot from the wire and had it in print in 30 minutes.

WE were the only daily between Washington and Miami to contract for Wirephoto, and I shall never forget the night the service was born. It was the night, or rather the morning, of Jan. 1, 1935. Just two and a half years ago. I had attended a New Year's Eve party and had not bothered to go to bed. When the taxi called for me at 2 a. m., it was snowing.

At The Journal Building, we packed into a tiny room already overcrowded with strange looking apparatus. Switches, batteries, instrument boards, glowing tubes. None of us knew exactly what to expect. We had had the principles of Wirephoto explained to us by the engineers who were there to install the equipment. We had seen a few test pictures come in and go out over the wire. But the whole thing was terribly complicated, terribly scientific. It was all so terribly new.

An hour went by, then another. The anticipated miracle of speeding pictures over a strand of wire-like telegraph dots and dashes, was running a little late. While we waited, we smoked and drank black coffee. Voices clattered in the microphone speaker from St. Louis, Dallas, Boston and points north, south, east and west. The

engineers sweated and swore over their adjustments.

Finally, everything was in readiness. The monitor announced in the speaker that New York would now transmit Wirephoto NY-1. It was described as an aerial shot of a crashed plane on Pine Mountain, near Morehead, N. Y. Four prominent men had escaped death in the crash.

The attendant threw a switch and the small black and silver cylinder began to revolve. One hundred revolutions per minute. At each revolution, the small black box containing the photo-electric cell, the "magic eye," moved along the cylinder 1/100th of an inch.

WHAT Wirephoto is, why and how it operates, is too complicated for me to attempt to go into here. Suffice it to say that eight minutes is the time required to send or receive a standard-size Wirephoto print, which measures 8 inches by 10. Regardless of the distance over which it comes or goes, eight minutes is the time of any standard transmission.

Well, the eight minutes finally passed. The attendant snapped the switch and gently removed the container in which the negative had been exposed. We clung to his heels as he put it through the dark room and got it printed up. Sure enough, it was a picture of a wrecked plane on a wooded, snow-covered mountain top.

That was the world's first Wirephoto.

It was a good picture, too. It had lost little, if any, of its original photographic detail on its journey over the wires from New York. It was as sharp and clear as our own photographers could have snapped it right there in Atlanta. It was just the kind of picture needed to prove that Wirephoto was not merely an expensive toy, as some had maintained.

Wirephoto a toy? It is anything but, as we have shown a thousand

times. In bringing pictures of the news over the wires with the news itself, Wirephoto has revolutionized the whole science of gathering and presenting the happenings of the day. It actually has fathered a new era of competitive journalism, for it has made the race for picture scoops as hot as the race for exclusive stories.

Our first Wirephoto, the plane crash, was followed a few moments later by a scene from a Hollywood night spot where film celebrities were making whoopee as the New Year rolled in. Then New York gave us a glimpse of 1935's arrival on Times Square. Chicago sent a picture, and San Francisco came through with a New Year's party in Chinatown.

Eight minutes for each picture, no matter where it came from. Each a perfect photograph. Each a sizzling-hot news view of an event that had occurred in some far away city only an hour or so before we were looking at it in Atlanta.

When daylight came, we had received enough Wirephotos to make up a solid page of pictures. We printed that full picture page on the front of that day's *Journal*. It was captioned in blazing type: JOURNAL STARTS WIREPHOTO. That front page now hangs among other history-making front pages of our paper.

TODAY there are 50 members of the Wirephoto system. They are served by stations located in 26 of the country's larger cities. More than 12,000 miles of leased telephone lines knit together the stations of the Wirephoto chain. This network of wire extends from border to border, from coast to coast. It is in operation 18 hours a day. An average of 50 pictures a day is sent over this circuit, although in case of a big story, such as the burning

of the Hindenburg, many more pictures may be transmitted.

Most of the Wirephoto lines are buried deep underground. That explains why it often is possible to receive pictures from a region where all other means of communications are cut off.

Fifty portable Wirephoto transmitters now supplement the services of the key stations of the system. These portables have been perfected and placed in operation within the past year. Others are being distributed to strategic news points as rapidly as they can be obtained.

The portable transmitter, as its name implies, can be moved about from place to place. It is about the size and weight of a large traveling bag. Only a jiffy is required to attach a portable to any ordinary telephone connection, and presto!—the picture is on its way. Thus the entire telephone system of the United States is added to Wirephoto's own private circuit.

I have often thought what it would have meant to us if portable Wirephoto equipment had been available at the time of the Gainesville tornado.

Not that we aren't mighty proud of our picture coverage on that disaster. We gave the world the first photographs to be brought out of storm-stricken Gainesville. But if we only had had a portable transmitter, how much easier and earlier we could have made our scoop.

THE day of the Gainesville storm is one that I am not likely to forget in a hurry. I do not have to close my eyes to remember how hard it was raining, how black the sky was. We were just putting the evening edition, the first edition of the day to bed, when the story broke.

Our Gainesville correspondent

IN view of the greatly increased interest in pictures in every field and phase of publishing, The Quill has assembled an unusual and interesting series of articles covering various aspects of pictures and picture problems. In this article, Fred D. Moon, Picture Editor of the Atlanta Journal, treats of the Wirephoto system and tells the story of how men of his paper achieved a notable picture scoop. It will supply background that you may have missed. His remarks were made originally at the meeting of the Georgia Scholastic Press Association. Moon, the son of a retired Army officer, has been writing since he was 14. He is the author of several hundred articles and short stories, specializing in crime stories. Joining the staff of the Atlanta Journal in 1929, he served five years as a feature writer on the Journal's Sunday magazine before being given the assignment as Picture Editor.



Fred D. Moon

Mack Brice, sent the first flash. Within a few minutes after the storm swooped down on the city, he located a telephone and got through a call to the *Journal*. He was so excited he could hardly speak. He reported that Gainesville had been leveled, that thousands were believed dead and dying.

Wright Bryan, our city editor, immediately took charge of the story. While he was instructing two of his best reporters, I rounded up a couple of photographers and two cars. Ernest Rogers was just going on the air to give the outside world its first word of the disaster when our men started for Gainesville.

That morning was a nightmare to us there in the office. What it must have been to the men out there in the rain and wind in that shattered, burning city, I can't imagine. But a few minutes after the first reporter began to file his story, the cameramen reported to me. They had reached Gainesville far ahead of any other photographers, they had their pictures. I told one of them to remain on the job, while the other rushed their films back to Atlanta.

We still had several hours before the deadline of the final edition. But the man chosen to make the return trip warned me that it might be a long time before he could get through. The 70-mile highway between Gainesville and Atlanta was a solid mass of automobiles, ambulances, relief trucks and fire apparatus. Thousands upon thousands of people were rushing toward the tornado scene.

I told the photographer to do his best, as I already knew he would.

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Gordon G. Hair

His dream of making a small neighborhood paper into a forceful community newspaper has been realized.

THEY'RE missing a golden opportunity . . . that little paper needs some changes . . . it needs more life, more aggressiveness . . . a principle of service to the people . . . I wonder what I could do with it!"

These were the idle thoughts of a man almost 16 years ago while he perused the contents of a little 5-column tabloid paper of four pages. Once each week this paper came to his home; once each week he looked through it. Each time he pondered over the possibilities, looked ahead, and just imagined.

Late summer was rapidly approaching. It was time for a fishing trip. To the High Sierras in California went this man with a number of friends. Even while fishing, he thought of the paper. Around the campfire it was the same. Completion of the camping trip brought the fisherman back home. Again the little paper with its 8,000 circulation drew his attention. He decided to do something about it.

HE doesn't remember how he approached the brothers who owned the paper. They were glad to sell; the paper had been a losing proposition. That day, this man became the sole owner and publisher of a 5-column, tabloid neighborhood paper with a circulation of 8,000 copies weekly.

From a little paper that was thrown together on press nights and served only 8,000 readers, to a well-balanced, recognized community newspaper with a controlled circulation of 73,000 copies twice weekly is the phenomenal growth and development of the South-

So We Do What the

The Story of a Community Paper That Has Made Its Mark in a Metropolis

By RICHARD H. MILLER

west Wave in Los Angeles, Calif., under the ownership of Gordon G. Hair, who 15 years ago dreamed of publishing a newspaper that would be recognized as a distinct asset to its community because of two qualities—leadership and service.

The *Southwest Wave* today with its five-edition circulation is recognized as the largest metropolitan community newspaper with controlled circulation in the United States.

THE first issue under Publisher Hair brought no net revenue.

"We just broke even on that issue but we had only a few days to prepare the paper," says Mr. Hair, with a smile as he recalls the early days of his newspaper, adding "but we showed a little profit the second week."

The personnel of the paper then consisted of the publisher, an advertising salesman, and a bookkeeper. In his role of publisher, editor, advertising salesman, collector, proofreader, and circulation manager, Mr. Hair followed his paper through every stage of publishing from the time he wrote the first news item at 7:00 a. m. Monday until he spotted the bundles to carriers early Friday morning.

"We tried," says Mr. Hair, "to establish the paper as a community

newspaper with no intention of competing with metropolitan dailies with their unlimited services and equipment. A distinctive characteristic of the *Southwest Wave*, which is still recognized, is that we give our readers something which they cannot receive or expect from metropolitan papers—complete news about their community.

"Before long, correspondents from churches, schools, Parent-Teacher associations, lodges, and many other organizations sent us contributions and also news about their friends and neighbors. No longer did I clip articles, which I had to do before because of a lack of time. News came to us voluntarily.

"Meanwhile, advertising lineage grew. More circulation was added. We had 10,000 copies . . . 15,000 . . . then 18,000 but always with the same advertising rate. As the volume of business grew, so grew the circulation, the features, and the service. Today, the rate for advertising is almost identical to the original rate per inch although the circulation today is 73,000 copies."

ONE of the difficulties faced in early days of the *Southwest Wave* was the limited number of pages that could be printed at one time. All the com-

HERALDED as the largest community newspaper with controlled circulation that is operating today, the story of the *Southwest Wave*, of Los Angeles, Calif., is an interesting one. One of the most unusual features of the paper's development is that its period of most substantial progress came during the dark days following 1929 when depression gripped the country. Richard H. Miller, editor of the *Southwest Wave* at the time this story was prepared, is a Hoosier by birth who went west for his schooling. He was graduated from the University of Southern California in 1931, the opening on The Wave coming just before his graduation. He traces the growth of the paper and presents an interesting account of the way its editorial problems are handled.

Dailies Don't Do—



Here is a typical front page of the Southwest Wave, showing streamlined trends.

position work and printing was "farmed" out at that time. With a flatbed press used in printing, only editions of not more than eight pages could be accommodated. Frequently, unless sections of a particular issue could be printed early, news content was sacrificed considerably because of an unexpected volume of advertising.

By 1929 the paper had grown to such size that only two or three printing shops in Los Angeles could adequately produce the paper so far as composition work was concerned. In September of that year, the Wave established its own plant.

The Southwest Wave today with its 73,000 controlled circulation twice weekly completely blankets entire Los Angeles' Southwest, in which, it is estimated, more than a quarter million people reside.

From the 1923 personnel of publisher, advertising manager, and bookkeeper to the present staff is another indication of the substantial growth of this community newspaper. The entire organization is under direct supervision of Mr. Hair with a general manager as his assistant.

The editorial department consists of the editor, managing editor, sports writer, society editor, woman reporter, a part-time writer and a staff photographer who is a full-time employee.

Display advertising is directed by a manager, who has under his jurisdiction an assistant, five salesmen, layout man, display copy desk man, and two messengers. In the classified there is a manager, four salesmen, one telephone solicitor, and two office employes. Classified advertising alone averages 5,000 lines weekly. The circulation department with a manager, three office assistants, and 37 route supervisors, and the bookkeeping department with two employees complete the office and sales personnel.

The plant personnel consists of a superintendent, four floormen, five machine operators, and a stereotyper. Equipment includes four Intertypes, one Linotype, Ludlow, Monotype, stereotyping outfit, mat molding machine, and other equipment necessary for composition. The paper is printed in the shop of one of the daily papers on a R. Hoe rotary press.

"Farming" the printing is considered advisable because the volume of 73,000 copies, running from 12 to 20 pages on Tuesday and between 28 and 40 pages or more on Friday, requires a high speed and modern press. Cost of operating this type of press for only a twice-a-week run would not be compatible with the service which the press would provide.

NEWS coverage of a semi-weekly paper in a metropolitan city like Los Angeles is a problem far different than that of a weekly or semi-weekly newspaper in a small town.

Frequently, stories "break" in the Southwest on days when the Southwest Wave is preparing an edition. The "spot" news is on that particular day. Perhaps, the following day or later when the Wave issue is in the homes, the previous "spot" news will have lost its appeal.

Handling of this type of story requires knowledge of detailed information which the metropolitan papers may have overlooked because of its localized character. New angles, especially those which might develop or which treat the stories from a different standpoint, must be "played up." To present only those facts which the dailies printed several days



Richard H. Miller

before is unwise. Many readers of the Wave also read one or more of the metropolitan dailies.

It is our duty, therefore, as a community paper, to give in each story something which cannot be secured elsewhere. The news itself must be live, not necessarily flashy, the paper being primarily a home paper not intended for street sales.

For news of all city and county official business, courts, major accidents, elections, and items emanating from the State building in Los Angeles, City News Service, a service similar to that available in New York City, is used.

Although this service is daily, it is used to an advantage by the Southwest Wave through telephone and personal checking and rewriting, playing up local angles and wording leads to bring out the latest possible news for a Tuesday or Friday issue.

TO maintain a corps of reporters in the city, county, and state buildings is not only impractical but also expensive. Official action every day in these buildings is not always of interest to the Southwest area. City News Service provides efficiently, especially in giving tips on stories, which even City News might consider irrelevant and which may receive but mere mention in the metropolitan press. But these stories often have local angles which are of far-reaching community interest.

The background of all these stories must be known; how official action affects the Southwest people must be thoroughly understood to present

[Concluded on page 18]



—Courtesy Gus Edson and Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate

Min. Andy and Chester in festive mood.

Gangway for the Gumps!

By MARTIN SHERIDAN

IT has appeal to children; it has appeal to grownups; it has romance, suspense and mystery; it has clean comedy and everyday philosophy understandable by everyone.

You know what we're trying to describe—that universally-liked comic strip "The Gumps." It is a combination of almost every requisite for an individual adventure strip, kid strip and gag strip. The result: hundreds of papers—with 17,000,000 men, women and children readers—publish the Gumps in their daily and Sunday forms.

The late Sidney Smith, who first drew the Gumps, began his career in 1895 on the *Bloomington Sun Eye*. After holding down jobs as artist on the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, *News* and *Press*, *Toledo News-Bee*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and *Pittsburgh Post*, Smith landed a staff job on the *Herald and Examiner* in Chicago only to switch to the *Chicago Tribune*. After drawing the Old Doc Yak strip for about a year,

Sid Smith started out with Andy Gump on a long successful trip to fame. He received in 1922 the first million dollar contract ever given a cartoonist—\$1,000,000 for a total of ten years. On Oct. 20, 1935, he was killed near Chicago in his Ford which he was driving home after signing a new five year contract for \$150,000 a year.

CONTRARY to popular belief, The Gumps were created and were so named by Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News* and president of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate. He has always maintained a paternal feeling for the Gump family and has remained in direct editorial supervision of the continuity of the strip.

Upon Smith's death, it was decided to continue the strip and to have it drawn in New York. Immediately, some of the staff artists of the *Daily News* and other cartoonists were informed of a competition that was to be

held to determine the new artist of the Gumps. Sports cartoonist Gus Edson was urged to submit a week's strips. Instead he turned in only three drawings.

Publisher Patterson singled out Edson's work and called him into his office.

"Gus," he said, "I like your drawings but, frankly, they are not enough for me to base my final decision."

Edson replied that he had a daily sports cartoon to turn out in addition to his Sunday page "Streaky." And besides he didn't have any time to do any additional outside work. According, J. M. Patterson gave him two weeks' leave of absence beginning early in November, 1935. Edson returned home, finished three weeks' drawings of the Gumps and submitted them to his superior who gave his final decision within a few days. That's how Gus Edson was chosen to draw the strip beginning on Dec. 16, 1935.

Andy and Min Are Celebrating Their Twentieth Anniversary This Summer

IT was, of course, a terrific strain to start in on something new where another man had left off. It is still a strain after nearly two years' work, but Gus has rapidly fallen in line with the strip's characters and has become a conscientious stepfather to Sid Smith's family of Gumps.

I asked Gus Edson how it felt to continue Smith's work.

He replied, "It's just like going to bat after Joe DiMaggio has hit a home run."

Nineteen hundred and thirty-seven marks the twentieth anniversary of the creation of the Gumps. Andy, Min, and Chester Gump have long been top-ranking favorites but under Gus Edson's pen they will undoubtedly achieve even greater popularity.

Gus was born in Cincinnati, O., in 1901, but the Edson family moved to Pensacola, Fla., shortly afterward and it was there that he attended school. Once again the family moved, this time to New York City, where the prodigal son attended high school and was awarded one of the first art scholarships ever given by the City of New York. This gave Gus the opportunity to study at the Pratt Institute where he spent but four months, after which the school director told him that he had no ability and less interest in his work. Edson even offered to pay his own tuition so he wouldn't have to tell his family that he had failed. But the school refused to have him around, even on a paying basis.

CAME the World War and Gus Edson, only 16 years old, enlisted in the

Chemical Warfare Division of the United States Army. The Armistice was signed four months later and that act spoiled Edson's chances of becoming an officer. He began to believe that the pen was mightier than the sword and enrolled at the Art Students' League in New York City. After studying there for a short while, Gus landed the job as sports cartoonist on the now defunct MacFadden publication—New York Graphic. He remained there for three years—then resigned.

"I consider that resignation from the Graphic the turning point in my life," Gus told me. "For then came the opportunity to free-lance for seven months. After selling cartoons to Colliers, Life and Judge, I decided that 'free lunching' was a mighty poor way of supporting a wife and child, so yours truly began to hunt for a job."

At that time the Paul Block newspapers had bought the Brooklyn Standard-Union. There was the usual purge of the staff and Edson applied for the job of sports cartoonist and asked for \$75 a week. After an all-afternoon conference he was asked to cover the Gene Tunney-Tom Heeney boxing bout on speculation. If his work was satisfactory, he would get the job. The sports editor provided Gus with a pair of field glasses and a ticket for a seat in the forty-third row at the Yankee Stadium.

Minus his lunch and dinner, Gus rushed over to the Stadium, grabbed a hot dog in one hand and his field glasses in the other and watched the bout. Tired and hungry, he returned



Sid Smith, first man to draw the Gumps, pictured at his board. He was killed in an automobile accident in 1935.

to the Standard-Union offices to turn in his drawings. Next morning, to his surprise, he was given a contract that called for \$100 a week, although he had originally asked for only \$75. Several months later, Gus left that paper after first placing Gus Uhlmann in his job. His new affiliation was with the New York Post which Bob Ripley left to join King Features Syndicate with his "Believe It or Not." Edson stayed with the Post for a year, then he, too, went over to King Features. Before he joined the Hearst Service, however, he again got Gus Uhlmann to take his place. The latter, incidentally, is still with the Post as sports cartoonist.

AT King Features, Edson drew a feature titled "Here's How." Some 60-odd papers subscribed to this cartoon which depicted scientific oddities. At that time the New York Daily News was holding a contest for sports cartoons. For a period of several weeks, the best one was published daily. Edson submitted one and several days later the News phoned and asked if it would be all right if they printed his drawing. Gus agreed provided his name was omitted. Publisher Patterson liked his style and had him come over for a chat one afternoon. At the end of his King Features contract, Edson joined the Daily News as sports cartoonist—the post that he was holding down when he was selected to draw the Gumps.

Edson works in close co-operation with Publisher J. M. Patterson and General Manager Arthur W. Crawford of the Chicago Tribune-New

[Concluded on page 23]



—Photo by Loy Byrnes

Ever wondered how an artist really works? Here's the answer—at least insofar as Gus Edson, who draws the Gumps, is concerned. That pose may work with a drawing board but try it with a typewriter!

WE'RE ploughing along through a heavy sea today, just off the coast of California, practicing the parade formation which will be used tomorrow when the U. S. Fleet ends its 1937 maneuvers by sailing into San Francisco Bay at the opening of the Golden Gate bridge fete.

The old "Pennsylvania," flagship of the fleet, carrying Commander-in-Chief Admiral A. J. Hepburn, his staff and three newsmen, is majestically leading the column—and what a column! Ten battleships, seven heavy cruisers, 13 light cruisers, three airplane carriers and four destroyers. These are the heavy forces of the fleet, everything except the rest of the destroyers and the submarines, and they represent enough power to blow a city right off the map in about five minutes.

LOOKING back from the bridge of the "Pennsylvania," it's an inspiring sight. The long, gray, gun-studded steel-crusted men-o'-war are running 600 yards apart and stretch out behind us for seven miles.

The Pennsy is taking a beating from the sea, and so are others. The huge swells crack into our bows with a roar like a cannon, sending spray hundreds of feet in the air and billows of green water cascading across our decks. Behind us the other ships are pitching and burying their noses in the sea, each sending up geysers of spray until it looks like seven miles of Old Faithfuls tagging along after us.

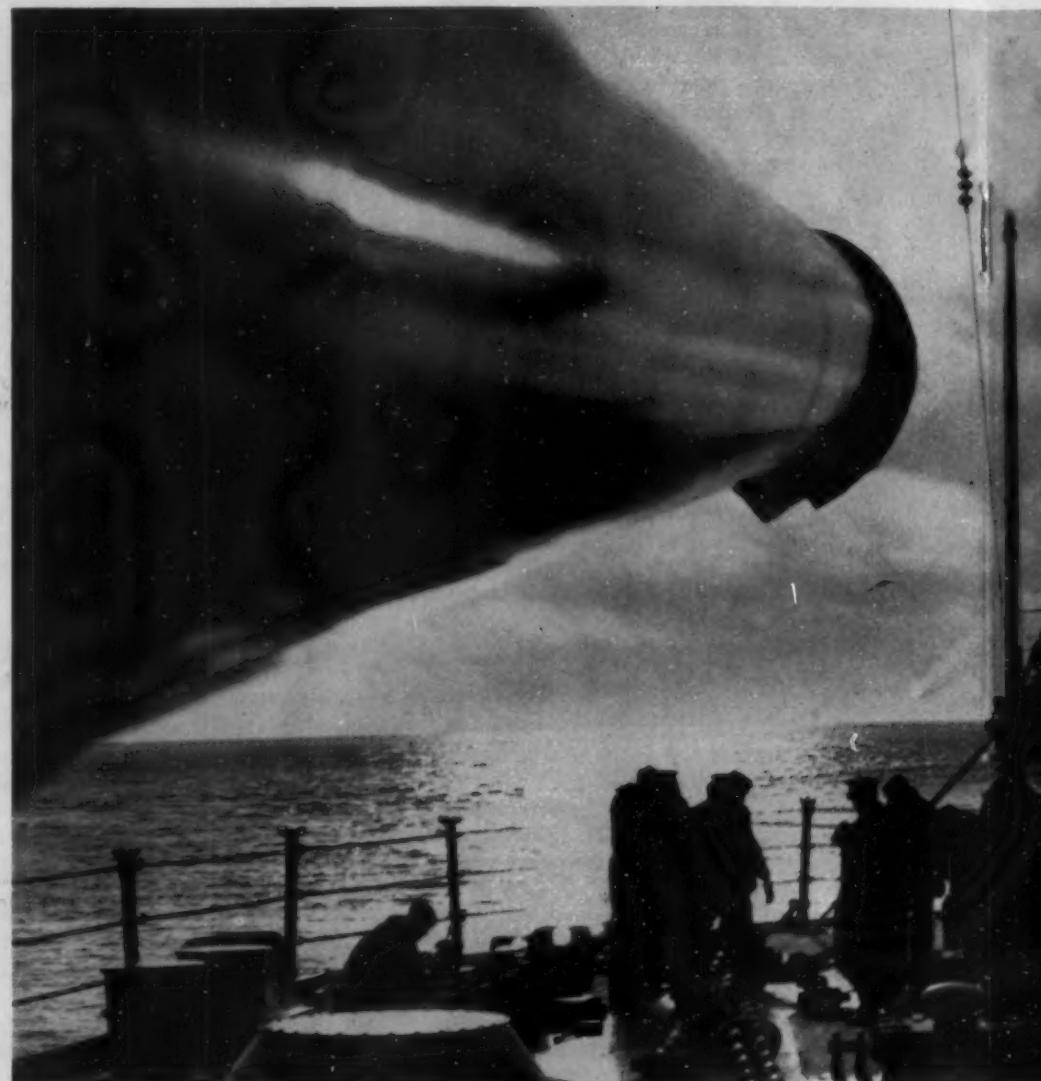
A 35,000-ton battleship, you know, doesn't ride the sea like a nice passenger liner. No, indeed. A battleship doesn't ride at all. It smashes right through the waves; just dips her nose and comes up on the other side. And there's power in those waves—tremendous power.

The old Pennsy shivers and shakes from stem to stern, and groans and whines like a man in mortal agony, every time she's hit by a big sea. But she just seems to grit her teeth and take it, saying no gosh-darned sea can knock a battleship to pieces. And, of course, they can't.

These ships seem to have personalities, and the Pennsy's is all agony in a storm, especially at night. We (the newsmen) are sleeping in bunks in what is known as the junior officer's bunkroom, just off the quarterdeck, our ports about six feet above the deck.

WHEN the ship is taking it from the elements, and there has been hardly anything but bad weather since we sailed from San Pedro six weeks ago,

Standing Watch With



Experiences of a Correspondent Who Followed Uncle Sam's Fleet a Thrilling But Not Unpleasant Adventure

By RALPH B. JONES

Staff Correspondent, International News Service

we can't sleep. In the first place, the Pennsy rolls us out of our bunks. In the second place, and most peculiar, the groans and whines of the ship make it impossible to sleep. I'd have sworn several nights that somebody was being tortured just outside our bunkroom—the most horrifying noises.

And then everything is always wet. This is the wettest cruise I've ever seen. Decks, passageways, clothing, soaked with sea water—six-foot walls of water smashing across the decks, roaring down hatchways, running through rooms.

One of the better nights we left our

ports open. About 2 a. m. I was awakened by a terrific crash and sat up just in time to look the whole ocean right in the face. It was coming in the open port. Shoes, bags, everything, swishing around us in six inches of salt water.

And then there were the nights we were running in complete simulation of war-time. They call that "darkened ship" in the Navy, and it's really something to write home about.

With a Scribe at Sea



International News Photo

Who Found Covering the Battle Maneuvers But Not Exactly Comfortable Assignment

JEPH B. JORDAN

International News Service

GET this picture—the U. S. Fleet of more than 130 men-o'-war divided into "black" and "white" fleets out in the Pacific in the Alaska-Hawaii-Panama triangle. The two fleets steam to their appointed positions hundreds of miles from Hawaii and at a signal from Admiral Hepburn start the problem which we called the "Battle of Hawaii."

Ours was the "black" fleet and we were trying to capture the islands.

The "white" forces were to intercept us, destroy us or drive us off. For ten days and nights both fleets underwent every single hardship and hazard of war except the firing of live shells.

As we drove toward the islands, trying to keep out of the way of the "white fleet," we had to be careful in the daytime not to drop anything overboard, no refuse or anything, by which an "enemy" might pick up our trail, for a careless ship leaves just as plain a trail in the ocean to the trained eyes of sailors as a party of campers leaves in the mountains for expert trackers.

And each ship had to be careful not to let even a little whisp of smoke from the stacks, for the "enemy" was scanning the horizon with eagle eyes from the air and from the highest points of their mainmasts.

But the nights—not a light on any ship, not even the flare of a match or the glow of a cigaret—not a light in a room. And every hatch and port battened down as tight as a drum. No air inside the ship. And in the tropics. Sweat like a horse and gasp for breath all night. Stumble around like a blind man, holding on to anything handy while the ship twists and turns at high speeds, avoiding torpedo attacks. Go out on deck for a little air. Sure, and fall over something and break your neck, or get washed over the side; or just walk into the ocean. You can't see your hand in front of your face.

There's also the peaceful feeling of knowing that 134 ships, all without a light and in a pitch black night, are racing over the ocean in close formations, looking for each other, and quite likely to cut each other in two at any moment. It's certainly nice to try to sleep with a nightmare of ships crashing all over you.

Or lie awake, as I have, with these memories:

ONE dawn off Honolulu when the curtain of night lifted to reveal two destroyers limping across our bows. One had her nose smashed in about 20 feet and the other had no stern at all. It had been cut off slick as a whistle, and it included a couple of bunkrooms in which men slept. Two of them were dead, and a half dozen not expected to live. The two destroyers, on anti-submarine patrol, had collided during the night.

And another dawn off Haiti when a light cruiser steamed slowly past with what was left of a destroyer in tow. The cruiser was holding the destroyer up with chains. The destroyer had cut sharply across the cruisers bow, but not sharply enough, the night before.

And the cruise I had on the 10,000-ton Chicago in the Caribbean when my room had been one formerly occupied by an aviation officer. He and a couple of his mates had been buried just a short time previously because the Silver Palm had cut into the Chicago clear to the Chicago's gun turrets, folding up the men in crushing steel until it took hours with acetylene torches to take the bits of them out.

As you can imagine, that cruise on the Chicago made me collision con-

scious; tuned my ears for the shriek of the collision siren which, when it sounds, means that you're going to be hit, right away and hard. You've got to move, and in a hurry and in the right direction, or you'll find a ship coming in your room at you.

Well, I heard it once this cruise and if I never hear it again, that will be plenty soon enough. I was sitting at my typewriter late one afternoon while the Pennsy and her little playmates, the other nine battleships, were doing some plain and fancy maneuvering.

Suddenly the collision siren went off and I was out on deck in one jump—yes, sir, through my door, down a passageway, through another door and on the quartedec in one jump—to see from what and where the trouble was coming.

THERE it was, the battleship "Idaho," steaming into us, her big nose—and I want to say that nose looked to me like the Chrysler Tower—pointing at us amidship, at our side about half-way back.

I took another jump, to the other side of the Pennsylvania, at least 50 feet (no fooling) and then watched the most amazing bit of seamanship I've ever seen—a bit which saved a bad smash between battleships, the horror of all sailors, and millions of dollars in repairs, not to mention some lives.

The Captain of the Pennsylvania put on full speed ahead and swung the tail of the big battleship away from the oncoming Idaho. Every one of the 1,400 officers and men on the Pennsy held their breaths as the Pennsy's stern swung away from the Idaho, which was just about touching us in her forward charge. It was high drama for a few minutes, and then it was over. The Idaho had passed behind us, almost taking the paint off our tail.

I can't tell you what the Admiral said, but he lived up to the highest traditions of the sea in expressing his displeasure. What he said to the Captain of the Idaho, who had failed to get a turn signal, or failed to turn fast enough, I don't know, but I'm willing to bet that every word burned. The Admiral is a very decisive man, and incidentally a great officer. He doesn't want newspapermen with the fleet, and says so, but he knows his stuff when it comes to handling fighting ships.

THERE also was another little incident. I was on a battleship then, too, and came out on deck one fine morn-

Plying the Pacific



Ralph B. Jordan, who paints a vivid picture in the accompanying article of his experiences aboard the U.S.S. "Pennsylvania" during the 1937 maneuvers of the U. S. Fleet, is pictured here with Commander W. C. Larson, flag secretary to Admiral A. J. Hepburn, commander-in-chief of the fleet. Jordan, head of the Los Angeles bureau of INS, began his journalistic career while in high school in Salt Lake City, continued it through college and has since covered many major stories as an ace reporter.

ing, yawned, and stretched and felt at complete peace with the world—until an officer standing nearby told me something that made my hair stand straight up. What he said, in substance, was this:

The previous night, black as the ace of spades, the battleships had been steaming pretty fast in column, and all dark. Somebody on the bridge of our ship thought he heard something and turned on a searchlight, which picked up the tail of a heavy cruiser just disappearing.

That heavy cruiser, also dark, had passed right through the column of battleships without hitting anything. The cruiser, of course, didn't know the battleships were there. The cruiser was scouting for the dreadnaughts.

Now if you don't think that was a miracle, just consider these figures—cruisers and battleships are between 600 and 700 feet long; the battleships were running fast 600 yards apart. How did the cruiser get between the battleships without hitting one? Well, I dunno, but I do know that if that cruiser, going at the speed it must have been making, had hit us, there would have been a swell mess on both cruiser and battleship.

Cruisers, by the way, are perfect instruments, with their knife-like steel bows, for cutting other ships in half.

Now I don't want to leave the impression that the navy men are careless. They're not. They can't prepare for war except by working under wartime conditions, like a football team must have scrimmage and not just signal drills and the amazing thing to me is that our fleet gets by with so few accidents. The officers and men are the best in the world, and the best trained.

AND let me add just one word about our Navy flyers. They are the lads who top their profession without a challenge. They nonchalantly go about their tasks of scouting, observing and fighting—and making a newspaperman's eyes bulge out. But, of course, they pay the penalty of greatness at times—pay with their lives.

One afternoon during this cruise, for instance, I was watching the aircraft carrier Saratoga taking on her planes, like flies landing at a honey pot, when one poor chap put his plane into a dive to land, but instead went into the sea. Nobody knows what happened. A splash, and he and his mechanic and the plane disappeared—gone forever. And the next morning, Sunday, Mother's Day, two women on the mainland got curt little telegrams from the Navy department. Their husbands, and the fathers of their children, had been lost at sea. Nice Mother's Day telegrams.

That day, and once before when a flying boat with seven men aboard was lost off the Midway Islands, I thought of a remark made to me by an officer. We were standing on the bridge of a battleship as the fleet headed out of San Pedro harbor on maneuvers. The docks and breakwater were lined with women. The officer said:

"There's many a tear being shed out there, because those women know that some of their men are never coming back."

Yes, sir, there's many a man who never comes back.

I'll close with a sincere tribute to the ships and men of the United States Fleet—both are of the finest steel.

J. FRANK ADAMS (Kentucky '33) is associate editor of the *Somerset (Ky.) Journal*.

JOHN F. GALLAWAY (Georgia '30) and W. B. WILLIAMS, also of Georgia, have recently received promotions in the advertising department of the Vick Chemical Co. in New York City.

LINES TO THE LANCERS

By J. GUNNAR BACK

THE humdrum of this little corner in THE QUILL is lifted for a moment by two things. The least of them is that a new contour thrusts itself forth from the rectangle depicting your correspondent as snapped by the village photographer. Gone is the former countenance that, with each roll of the presses, had grown to look more and more like the face of a man caught by an Oklahoma gusher and pretty sour about it, too, because he didn't own the oil well



J. Gunnar Back

just brought in. You may form your own similes about the substitute.

The second of these new things is that writing for sports magazines is discussed rather definitively, thanks to the contribution of Bob DeHaven, whose bed and board your correspondent has frequently shared. Bob has sold 14 sports short stories and a sports novelette within the space of a year. I gather that his board is therefore even better than it was when we were in radio together in Minneapolis and talked through various kinds of picnic bottles of beer and sandwiches in the evenings. As I remember it, we also took Anglo-Saxon when we were brothers in Theta Chi at Wisconsin. That study of the origins of our language seems to have held me back and moved Bob forward. He has also sold *Judge*, *College Humor*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* (4 "Postscripts"). At present he is the sports announcer of radio station KVOO, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

ABOUT a year ago I made a tentative survey of the sports story magazines as markets, a survey based on the experiences of another writer. At that time I ventured to say that "the spirit of Horatio Alger hovers over sports fiction meant for the pulps." Apparently this is not true so far as plots are concerned. Bob tells me that hackneyed plots are taboo. The young author should not be afraid to cut loose and plot wildly. A study of the magazines, my informant says, will bear him out in that.

However, no matter how fantastic

the complication is, the likeable hero, through those four "s's," speed, spirit, stamina, and spunk, must work out his problem. There is just so much, I suppose, that the Western Union messenger boy will swallow as he reads a baseball story between messages.

Increasing interest in football, collegiate and professional, and the best baseball season in many years, have caused sports magazines to flourish. Some of the Grub Street boys who have been writing air pulp, western story, and pulp detective fiction have moved into the field to help out with the shortage of stories. Editors are unusually kind and very often courteous to new writers. The hopper is the biggest in years. It must be kept filled as the fiction glorifying sports grinds its way through to the newsstands.

GOING back to the matter of plots again. The problem which the rugged hero solves is quite frequently of his own making, in the form of Dizzy Dean-like aberrations from his true self. The inherent wholesomeness of sports rescues him. Shady gamblers, crooked coaches, cheating players who throw games, and the like are frowned upon. No last-minute kidnapings before the big game. Leave that to the movies. Female interest depends on the magazine. It is the exception rather than the rule. There seems to be no preference between the professional sports setting and the amateur, between the collegiate and non-collegiate background.

The best length for beginners is between 3,500 and 5,000 words, for which the rate of payment to the beginner is one cent a word and down. Novelettes are usually contracted for from established writers. An agent is valuable because he can keep you supplied with market tips and inform you of the rise and fall of the sports magazines, which come and go like mushrooms. It is important for the writer to keep about four months ahead of the sport season about which he is writing.

In other words, football stories should have been in the mails last June. Boxing and wrestling are two of the handful of sports that are not seasonal. Editors seem anxious to help new writers, but some of them are slow in making replies, holding up stories and then rejecting them

after the "submission" season has come to an end. Among the pulps, there is a very limited market for articles on athletics.

Bob DeHaven asked me to polish these notes of his into a little gem. He'll have to be satisfied that his name is mentioned in this corner this month five times, not counting the pronouns. Here is his valuable analysis of the markets.

Ace Sports Monthly, Champion Sports, Magazine Publishers, Inc., 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. C. Cent a word on publication or slightly before. Harry Widmer, friendly editor-in-chief of whole "Ace" group. Female interest, strong plots.

Dime Sports, Sports Novels, Knockout. Alden Norton edits the first of these. William Fay the last two. Knockout takes boxing stories exclusively, is a bi-monthly, as is Sports Novels. This is a good market paying a cent a word and up on acceptance. All at Popular Publications, Inc., 205 E. 42d St., N. Y. C.

Thrilling Sports (monthly), Popular Sports (bi-monthly). Leo Margulies, editor. Cent and up a word on acceptance. Good active market. All at Standard Magazines, 22 W. 48th St., N. Y. C.

Sport Story, Street & Smith, Inc., 79 7th Ave., N. Y. C. Original in field. Leans more to juvenile story than anything else. Cent a word and up on acceptance. Hard to crack by unknown. Twice monthly.

Star Sports, Complete Sports, Best Sports. All under direction of Randolph Preston. Published intermittently, but always one on newsstands. Rates by arrangement. Friendly market. Newsstand Publications, RKO Bldg., Radio City, N. Y. C.

All America Sports, Nat Fleischer, famed editor of *Ring Magazine*, editor. Friendly to new writers. Low rates. Good place to break in, but no poor stories used. 825 8th Ave., Madison Square Garden Arcade, N. Y. C.

Ten Story Sports, Winford Publications, 60 Hudson Street, N. Y. C. New in field. Rates not known. **Fight Stories**, Fiction House, 451 8th Ave., N. Y. C. A quarterly; hence usually overstocked. Rates high. Fight stories only. **American Boy**, New Center Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Franklin M. Reck, managing editor. Juvenile sports stories. No writing down. 2c a word. Submit six months in advance.

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Market Tips

A new detective magazine, *Special Detective*, appeared on the newsstands Aug. 1 under the banner of the Haig-Kostka Publications, Inc. of Stamford, Conn.

Special Detective is the first regular monthly publication of the new company which is a successor to the Security Publishing Co. of Stamford, organized by Robert E. Haig and William Kostka. Haig continues in his capacity as business manager and Kostka as managing editor of the new firm.

The new magazine is unusual in the detective field in that it combines both fact and fiction stories. The September issue contains a complete mystery novel by John Hopper, a novelette by Donald Barr Chidsey, several short stories, a California gang story by Edward S. Sullivan, an Ohio mystery case by Jack Hell, a roundup of notorious Bluebeard cases of recent years, and a Minnesota case about a chain of eleven baffling murders, in addition to features and departments. The cover of *Special Detective* is also different in that it carries out the dual purpose of the magazine.

In explaining his editorial requirements Kostka stated that the first issue was a fairly good sample of the types of material he wants. In the fiction field he is seeking good mystery stories, not devoid of action, in which the detective solves the case. He prefers up-to-date backgrounds—trucking, busses, airplanes, radio, sports, etc.

He wishes to avoid the old plot of the cop revenging his buddy's death, the private detective battling a gang of racketeers single-handed, and the fantastic or terror type of detective story. Short stories should be 6,000 words or less, novelettes 12,000, and novels 35,000, though longer manuscripts will be considered.

For fact stories samples of clever detective work and baffling crimes are preferred and cases need not be confined to murders only. Unusual detective features, such as roundup histories of notorious gangs, are also wanted. Writers will find it best to query before submitting finished manuscripts. Photographs are needed for all fact stories. Payment for all material is made within two weeks after acceptance at one cent a word up.

★

"Owing to a change in the sales promotional plans of the Studebaker Corporation, the idea of publishing the magazine, *Haul-age*, has been indefinitely postponed."—Frederick O. Schubert, Editor.

Contests

According to the editors of *Bachelor Magazine*: "Bachelor offers \$100 in prizes for the best letters from male readers on 'Why I Would Not Marry.' The first prize to be \$50—the second one, \$25 and the third and fourth, \$15 and \$10, respectively. Letters must not exceed 500 words. Contest closes on midnight Sept. 30, 1937. All letters will become the property of *Bachelor Magazine*." Bachelor editorial offices are located at 515 Madison Avenue, New York City.

★

To the author of the mystery-detective novel which, in the opinion of the judges, is most suitable for publication, Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., publishers of the Red Badge mystery and detective stories, agree to pay within one month of the announcement of the award of the prize the sum of \$1,000.00. This sum will be paid on account of all earnings under this agreement. The royalty shall be 10 per cent of the published price of all copies of the work sold in the United States up to 10,000 copies and 15 per cent thereafter, with customary modifications as to foreign editions, cheap editions, exports, etc. Dodd, Mead and Company shall retain control of all other rights in the prize winning book and shall pay to the author 75 per cent of the net receipts from the sale of the motion picture, dramatic, and first serial rights, and one-half the net receipts of all the other rights, net receipts being defined as the sums received from the rights less the agents' commission.

The publishers' editorial staff shall act as judges. Its decision must be regarded as final and binding and it shall retain the right to reject any or all of the manuscripts submitted. Dodd, Mead and Company is to have the first offer of the winning author's next two full-length novels on terms to be arranged. The competition is open to any author who has not previously issued a book under the Red Badge imprint, provided that the publishers are free to deal exclusively with the author under the terms and conditions mentioned herein.

Manuscripts should be submitted as early as possible. The competition closes on Dec. 31, 1937. In all cases, manuscripts must be original and written in the English language, and

should be not less than 50,000 words in length and neatly typewritten with double spacing, on one side of the paper only. Manuscripts should be sent to Dodd, Mead and Company, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and each must be accompanied by a form signed agreement. Contestants will be informed of the receipt of their manuscript. It will be examined as promptly as possible, and if not suitable, will be returned forthwith by express collect.

While every reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts, the publishers cannot assume any liability for loss or damage by fire, or in any way whatsoever. All manuscripts, even though unsuccessful in winning the prize, are to be considered as offered to the publishers, on terms to be mutually arranged.

★

Fame, garbed in Broadway lights, beckons to some unrecognized playwright in the nation today. For the world's biggest theatrical impresario—the United States Government—has launched a search for an unknown genius, holding ready a prize of \$250, a cast to stage his play in a large theater and \$50 royalty a week as long as the play runs. His work will be produced by the Federal Theatre Projects of the Works Progress Administration. Cooperating in the search, the Dramatist League offers the \$250 prize.

The Federal Theatre may also select other worthwhile scripts for tryouts, paying the authors the usual royalty of \$50 a week. The plays will all be produced under the provisions of the Dramatists' Guild 26-A form of contract. To "dig out" new talent, WPA has set up regulations which eliminate successful playwrights from the contest. Authors whose plays have run over three weeks on Broadway, or had over 28 performances on the road, may not enter.

Though the federal agency hopes to find plays which mirror the modern American scene, it has placed no restrictions on subject matter. The judges will be three prominent critics invited to serve by Hallie Flanagan, director of the Federal Theatre. The contest closes on Sept. 30, 1937. All scripts should be submitted to the Play Policy Board, WPA Federal Theatre Project, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and should be marked "Federal Theatre Contest for Dramatists' Guild Prize." Return postage need not be included. The author's name should be omitted on all but the title page of the script.

In "San Francisco's Chinatown" (Appleton-Century, \$5.00), Charles Caldwell Dobie has written and E. H. Suydam has illustrated the definitive account of one of the most famous landmarks of America. There are probably few Americans who have not been fascinated by the kaleidoscopic color, the mystery or the sordidness of this western outpost of the Orient, as revealed in movies, stories or pictures. Written by a native San Franciscan who knows every street of his city and who is already famous for his story of it in "San Francisco: A Pageant," this book traces Chinatown from the earliest Chinese immigrants to California, detailing the turbulent period of persecution, tong warfare and murders, the opium, gambling and white slave rackets. Into this history Mr. Dobie has poured his intimate knowledge of Chinatown over many years, weaving a pattern as colorful as the Chinese customs and costumes of which he tells. Mr. Suydam's illustrations for the Century City Series have earned him a country-wide reputation, and his drawings for this book, exquisitely portraying the graceful Chinese architecture, perfectly supplement the text and will rank among his finest work.

IT seems that there was a sudden decease of grandmothers down around Washington, D. C., the other day, according to numerous copy boys. . . . The 25th anniversary of the Honolulu (T. H.) *Star-Bulletin* was recently celebrated with a 70-page edition. . . . CLIFFORD V. GREGORY has resigned from *Prairie Farmer* after 25 years of editorship. . . . Little old New York was a 3-day playground to 72 newspaperboys who were guests of the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram and Gazette*. . . . W. H. HORNIBROOK, publisher, Salt Lake City *Times*, has been nominated and approved as United States Minister to Costa Rica. . . . LUDWELL DENNY, editor, Indianapolis *Times*, is on a well earned vacation cruise on the Mediterranean. . . . After just completing his second trip around the world, A. M. KEENE, editor, *Daily Midway Driller*, has returned to the old workshop in Taft, Calif. . . . HOMER A. PRICE, former editor, Marshall (Tex.) *News-Messenger* and at present conductor of "Heard on the Street" column, was guest of honor at a banquet given by 100 friends in tribute to his outstanding career. . . . Folks down Battle Creek way have a nice opportunity to increase that vacation budget with \$250.00, in cash prizes, offered by the Battle Creek (Mich.) *Moon-Journal* for the best answers in a "Know Battle Creek Better" contest. . . . The Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel* has just launched on its 101st year. . . . The well known magazine writer, FORREST CRISSEY, and his wife will celebrate a half century of progress on the matrimonial fairways. . . . The Fayetteville (Ark.) *Daily Democrat* has changed its name to the *Northwest Arkansas Times* according to the publisher, since the new name better represents the area they intend to serve. . . . Editor GORDON E. DEUNOW is busy dodging paint and brooms while his New Rockford (N. D.) *Farmers Provost* shop is suffering its annual housecleaning. . . . America's first university course in journalism was offered in 1869, at what is now Washington and Lee University. . . . The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., will launch a new magazine this fall, the name to be chosen through a contest. . . . E. K. STEVENS has resigned from *Electrical World* to take a position with the International Exposition Company. . . . WILLIAM SCHULHOF of *Office* made his annual trout and salmon hunt way down east. . . . Formerly with the New York *Daily News*, HAROLD SMITH has been appointed assistant promotion manager of *Liberty*. . . .

Had You Heard—

By DONALD D. HOOVER

A new candidate for the "youngest editor" title, is MISS ALFREDA STEEL of 17 summers, who in the absence of her father, ALFRED STEEL, takes over the editorship of the Park Hill (Dem.) *Topics*. . . . The first newspaper in Michigan was a spoken newspaper, established in 1798, the news being told by a town crier from the church steps every Sunday. . . . ROBERT W. BINGHAM, U. S. Ambassador to London and publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, recently received two distinguished British honors. . . . Editor of the Toledo *Blade*, GROVE PATTER-

SON, arrived on the liner "Rex," after a ramble through 14 European countries. . . . Rice and old shoes for ROBERT PRESTON HARRISS, literary editor, Baltimore (Md.) *Sun* and MARGERY OREM WILLIS of Baltimore; DON HOWARD, news editor, Salt Lake *Tribune* and THORA M. HARRIS of Salt Lake City; ERIK W. MODEAN, sports editor, Manchester (Conn.) *Evening Herald* and MARIION ETHEL JOHNSON of North Bergen, N. J.; WILLIAM L. TOMS, political writer, Indianapolis *News* and ADELINA R. HILL of Indianapolis. . . . After a month at the San Francisco AP bureau cable desk, RELMAN MORIN will go to the Orient. . . . FANNY FERN FITZWATER, is taking over the editorship of a new fashion publication after 17 years as fashion director for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . JOHN M. BLACK, former circulation manager of the New York *American*, has replaced ELLIOTT CROOKS as circulation manager of the Washington *Times*. . . . E. D. STAIR, publisher, Detroit *Free Press*, and Mrs. Stair, accompanied by their daughter and son-in-law, sailed for Europe aboard the "Normandie." . . . Announcement is made of the election of JAMES H. McGRAW, JR., as president to succeed MALCOLM MUIR of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. . . . MISS JANE HOWARD, daughter of ROY HOWARD, president of the New York *World-Telegram*, recently became a reporter on the Honolulu (Hawaii) *Advertiser*. . . . 35 minutes in an "iron lung" was spent by FRANK CONNIFF, New York *Evening Journal* reporter, for a story on "how it feels." . . . Contests seem to be "in" just at present—a classified ad contest is being conducted by the Los Angeles *Times*, the capital prize being a two-week all expense tour to Mexico City for two persons. . . . C. DORSEY WARFIELD, former associate publisher of the Washington *Times*, has taken over the management of the Baltimore *News-Post and American*. . . . MRS. FLORENCE D. TOBEY, publisher, Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) *Sunday Courier*, sailed aboard the SS "Stavangerfjord" for an extended trip through the Scandinavian peninsula. . . . The Purcell (Okla.) *Register*, published by JAMES C. NANCE, recently issued its Golden Jubilee edition. . . . MISS FRANCES HALEY, the "Dixie" lass with the big job of writing, editing and setting all the type for the Chicamauga (Ga.) *News*, visited the W. N. U. office in Atlanta recently. . . . Home folks of Fayette, O., are mighty proud, espe-

Heads Atlantians



John T. Carlton

Carlton, city hall reporter for the Atlanta *Journal*, is president of the new alumni chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, established in Atlanta, Ga. He began his newspaper career in high school, serving as a volunteer prep sports writer for Atlanta papers. While a student at the University of Georgia he became associated with the Atlanta *Georgian* as a correspondent; was editor of the Red and Black, school paper, and president of Sigma Delta Chi and also Sigma Chi. Following graduation, he became editor of the North Side Home News, near Atlanta, then went to the *Georgian*. He left in 1934, after serving in various capacities, to have a fling at advertising and publicity. After six months of it he joined the staff of the *Journal*. Other officers of the Atlanta Alumni organization are: Wright Bryan, Atlanta *Journal*, first vice-president; Guy C. Hamilton, Atlanta *Georgian*, second vice-president; W. R. O'Kelley, Western Newspaper Union, secretary, and Lee Rogers, Atlanta Constitution, treasurer.

cially since the office front of the *Fayette Review* has been dressed up with a new coat of paint. . . . Golf being one of the favorite summer subjects up at Lanesboro, Minn., Publisher E. R. SEARS of the *Leader*, has inaugurated a front-page column entitled, "Blind Bogey." . . . Out on the island of Nantucket, the *Inquirer & Mirror*, is celebrating its 117th birthday. . . . Having acquired a theatre, CHARLES A. PHILLIPS, editor and publisher of the Jonesville (La.) *Booster*, is really busy and finds no time for fishing which, for him, is almost as bad as finding no time to eat.

. . . A new weekly publication, *The Visitor*, edited for vacationists in the Pacific Northwest, is making its debut. . . . *Town & Country* has appointed JAMES A. RICE manager of its Chicago office. . . . An ad, beginning "Don't Read This!" was printed by the Mason City (Neb.) *Transcript* recently, with the result that, everyone being human, it was very well read. . . . Looking over women advertising managers, copy-writers, and publicity agents attending conventions, makes it clear that the hand that used to rock the cradle now pounds a mean typewriter.

ticular zone or zones which they designate for their advertisements. In laying out this section, effort is made to build a combination of editions as one page, which permits moving news matter to another combination and thus giving complete coverage of that news.

In the event there is any great difference in the amount of advertising on these two pages, "time" copy is inserted to make up the difference. This "time" copy, if used in only one or two editions in any issue, is "pick up" type when the forms are "killed out," labeled as to the editions used and held until other zones or editions, which have not used this copy, present themselves.

THE circulation plan utilized by the *Southwest Wave* is vastly different from that used by a majority of community newspapers. The plan completely removes the "throw-away" aspect, makes for accurate delivery, and yet does not compete with metropolitan newspapers.

Two hundred carriers deliver the paper in assigned territories and are paid a set rate for delivery. One hundred and fifty routes in the northern and more heavily populated section of the Southwest are broken up into thirty-seven districts, ranging in size from three to five routes. Each district is under control of a supervisor.

A charge of 10 cents, which is entirely optional, is made each month. Collections are made by supervisors, who are paid on a commission basis on collections made in their respective districts. Carriers also receive a bonus on each monthly collection made on their route provided prompt and efficient delivery has been made.

The nominal charge of 10 cents each month seems to have created a wider interest in the *Wave* since the plan was inaugurated more than three years ago. Because the payment is optional, readers are not pressed for payment but continue to receive the paper regularly.

Community newspapers, heretofore, had all been classed as free papers. Slight objection to the charge, which was evident at first, has been almost entirely eliminated, probably due to the manner in which supervisors approach readers and to the service which the paper has increased through better news, features, and advertising messages of Southwest merchants.

Constant improvements bring the paper nearer each week to the goal visioned 15 years ago by the man who dreamed of publishing a paper as he fished in the High Sierras.

What the Dailies Don't Do—

[Concluded from page 9]

these stories in a manner which no other paper can.

For features and picture services, outside our community, NEA service of national events, the *United Press* illustrated service, Pacific Coast division, and Van Tine comics are used. All pictures are treated similar to news stories. Captions are not written until just before press time on pictures where there is any possibility that a late news angle might appear.

The *Southwest Wave* is printed in two sections, each carrying a complete front page of news and pictures. Make-up is modern; all heads are flush to left, and many pictures of community as well as those of general interest are spotted to give a planned and balanced make-up.

Up until Jan. 1, 1937, an entirely new idea in front page make-up was presented each Friday with six columns devoted exclusively to pictures, many by the staff photographer, with the right or left two columns given to state, national, and international late news in brief form. At present, the late news feature is still carried but two or three stories of wide community interest, especially those of "spot" news appeal, are placed on this front page, the pictures which are replaced going to Page 1, Section II.

Local photographs are considered a major asset of the paper. On the accepted theory that all people like to see not only their names but also their pictures in print, we run as many as 10 to 12 local pictures each week.

Securing local news about people and events of the community in which there are a quarter of a million people is accomplished by an efficient arrangement of "key" persons, who are prominently identified in various organizations. A tip from any of these

reliable sources is cause for immediate investigation. Often a highly important story results.

News from these sources receive little or no recognition in the metropolitan dailies. The city-wide appeal which the dailies must maintain does not permit sectional play. It is this news, especially advance stories with names of local people, which has appeal in the community and is recognized by this newspaper.

THE *Southwest Wave* presents a five-edition newspaper each issue, which, so far as can be learned, gives this paper the distinction of being the only community newspaper in the United States operating on a plan by which the combined effort of a large circulation provides a wide range of news and features, and yet easily permits small and large business men to use its advertising columns.

Merchants conducting small businesses usually are unable to use this medium of advertising with its circulation of 73,000 copies because of the apparent advertising costs. The breakdown into five editions or zones enables them to buy any combination of the five zones, enjoy position in a community newspaper of recognized merit, and yet stay within their advertising budget.

The five-edition paper presents all the news, necessitating re-make of several pages each issue. The entire paper is dummed with Section I being devoted primarily to the "All" pages containing advertising bought for the entire circulation. News as well as advertising on these pages, therefore, will have position in every edition of that issue without re-make.

In Section II, the majority of "break-down" pages are dummed with advertisers given attention to the par-

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Two Noteworthy Collections

INTERPRETATIONS OF JOURNALISM. Edited by Dr. Frank L. Mott and Dr. Ralph D. Casey. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. x + 534 pp. \$3.00.

HEADLINING AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Frank L. Mott and associates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. xvii + 542 pp. \$1.40.

Two important newspaper collections—one somewhat classical and scholarly, and the other altogether modern—have recently been published.

The first is "Interpretations of Journalism: A Book of Readings" edited by Dr. Frank Luther Mott, director of the School of Journalism, State University of Iowa, and Dr. Ralph D. Casey, chairman of the department of journalism of the University of Minnesota.

The second is the 1937 edition of "Headlining America: A Selection of 100 of the Best News and Feature Stories of 1935-1936," also edited by Dr. Mott, with the aid of a board of cooperating editors.

The purpose of the "Interpretations" is to make readily available the principal utterances on the press of the past (three hundred years). "There are," write the editors, "certain recognized—in some cases even 'classic'"—pronouncements upon journalistic subjects, of which one frequently says that they should be read by everyone who pretends to a knowledge of the newspaper as a social phenomenon and as a force in government, in groups, and in the lives of individuals; but because these pieces are scattered—some of them in obscure hiding places—they are not generally read, and we come to know of them vaguely by hearing them spoken of rather than intimately by careful reading. Many such essays, addresses, and papers, as well as certain less known but worthy pieces, are brought together in this volume."

It is significant to note that about half the sixty-four items in this collection were written within the past 50 years. "It is a fact," observes the editors, "known to all students that the newspaper was studied by no more than a few scholars before recent years, and then in only a few phases. Nor has recent scholarship, indeed, made more than a beginning in the study of the involved and intricate problems which grow out of the activities of the press."

As stated in the sub-title of "Headlining America," this is a collection of a hundred of the best news and feature stories that appeared in the press of the country during 1935 and 1936.

These stories, notes Dr. Mott, "lose nothing of their vitality and vigor in their transference to book covers. The editors of the book have no special desire to defend this writing as literature; but if the touchstone of good writing is effectiveness and adequacy, there is plenty of it here."

"Moreover," he continues, "there is here some contribution to the history of the times. And equally obvious, perhaps, is the addition which such a collection makes to what may be called regional Americana—sidelights and comments on the way of life in the widely separated sections of our country."

The content of this anthology is arranged under the divisional headings, "Interviews," "The Political Campaign," "A Group of Miscellaneous News Stories," "Group of News Stories With Feature Handling," "Disasters," "Heat and Drought," "Depression and Recovery," "Finance," "Crime," "Crusades," "Celebrations and Parades," "A Group of Miscellaneous Features," "Personalities," "Obituary," "Sports," "Foreign Correspondence," "Criticism," "Science," "A Group of Short Features," "Routine Stories," "Club and Society 'pre'-Stories," and "Spot Story, Bulletin Style."

An appendix containing suggestions for study was prepared by Edward Files Mason, assistant professor in the Iowa School of Journalism.

Both of these books have, of course a special interest for students of journalism, but their appeal is not restricted to this group. They make excellent general reading and are items which will make excellent additions to any library.—JOHN E. DREWRY, Director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the University of Georgia.

The Law's "Majesty"

ME, DETECTIVE, the autobiography of Leslie T. White. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 302 pp. \$2.50.

Readers of THE QUILL will remember, we're sure, an interesting article that appeared quite some time ago under the title "I've Found a Way to Make Crime Pay," by Leslie T. White. In the article, Mr. White told something of his experiences in writing detective fiction and articles.

This volume is the story of his actual experiences in law enforcement which began in 1923, in California, as a ranger for a group of real estate promoters trying to develop some 10,000 acres of dry brush land into an attractive playground for people of wealth. Successively he became a deputy sheriff, a policeman, an investigator, a detective in the district attorney's office.

As such, "Me, Detective," is a series of interesting, amusing and enlightening stories of crime from the standpoint of an enforcement officer. The stories are good reading—give background information on the "Love Mart" cases, the Doheny murder mystery, and others.

But more than being just good reading, this volume by Leslie White is a record of the disillusionment of a man who entered the ranks of "law enforcement" with the idea of doing an honest job, regardless of the rank or station of those whom he found violating the law. White, like thousands of other men, found that justice gives way again and again to pull, influence, politics and power—that the law reads one way for the poor man and another for the man who is "somebody."

Too, "Me, Detective," is an exposé of the brutality, the crookedness, the meanness that is to be found in law enforcement ranks. To the police reporter the subject matter will be a familiar theme. He too, has learned that he must tread lightly at times in the handling of news—he knows that with all the "freedom of the press" clamor that arises from time to time that the said "freedom" does not apply equally to individuals in different levels of society.

Would that books like "Me, Detective," Lincoln Steffens' autobiography and others would stir up real reform of the conditions of which they treat—but while the public and the press can become amazingly indignant, the fact remains unpleasant truths are not popular—they bring forth demands that "something be done about it" and then are quickly forgotten in favor of the pennant race, the next "fight," the marital affairs of a movie star or other more light and entertaining reading.

What to do about it? Who is responsible? Who knows?

Leslie White, sickened by it all, and able to make a better and more pleasant living by writing, turned in his badge and gun—now does his shooting with a typewriter. By the way, we hear his latest book (we've been a little slow in getting around to this earlier one) "Harness Bull," is a swell story. We hope to find out for ourselves soon.

Sunday Papers

[Concluded from page 4]

again is a brief for editorial matter that, like the news sections, is warm from the hand of its purveyor. Even the editorial page—under fire of late in certain quarters where it has been proposed it be abolished—is not exempt from this ruling, for the thing that is removed from the reader's orbit of interest he will ignore, whereas the stuff with the personalized hook in it he will gobble like a hungry trout.

This thought was brought out with force and clarity a short while ago by Count Raoul de Sales, U. S. correspondent of the *Paris-Soir*, who gave his views at the American Society of Newspaper Editors on the scope and purpose of the American Sunday newspaper. It was presupposed, he said, that the Sunday newspaper reader had more leisure than on weekdays and that, therefore, when he sat down over his favorite newspaper, he wished to be educated and entertained. This resulted in the reader's being provided with his present reading fare.

In pointing out the difference between the French Sunday newspaper and the American, Count de Sales explained that the matter of bulk and the general absence of feature supplements were, perhaps, the greatest differences. Recently, however, the *Paris-Soir* has added a supplement to its Sunday edition, but care has been taken, and most meticulous care, to see that the material therein is as freshly prepared as the contents of the news sections of the paper. Frequently this has caused drastic last minute changes, but the policy of keeping the material timely and in step with the news is held by the French publication to be all-important.

Reader interest in the printed word seems to be narrowed down to the Greeley formula, which is interest in one's self and one's kind, and to those catastrophes of nature, both actual and implied, into which sympathetically the reader vicariously projects himself. The threat and the menace of war is another phase of it. Crimes of violence and sex are two more. There, with economic ramifications, we have the stuff in general of which all reader interest is made, and where it fails to exist, we find usually that none of these important buttons have been pressed.

PROBABLY in the Comics and in Gravure we strike the best common denominator of general reader interest of any that exists in the Sunday

papers of today. In France, for example, there is an avid reading public for the American comics of nearly a million people a week, while here in America it is said to be thirty-five times that number—a greater public, perhaps, for a single medium of entertainment than any other in the world. What is true of the Comics is true likewise of Gravure, that thing of pictures and stories in pictures, which shares with the Comics the distinction of universal appeal.

Both are pictorial, and pictures, as we know, are mankind's oldest form of factual record. Moreover, both reflect the passing present, stemming from the scene and the stir of the life all about us.

Let me quote a little more from that same letter which Horace Greeley wrote his friend, Fletcher. It's elementary stuff, to be sure, but it's distilled wisdom from the brain of one of the most brilliant journalists America has ever produced.

"If you will," he continues, "so soon as may be, secure a wide-awake, judicious correspondent in each village and township of your country—some young lawyer, doctor, clerk in a store, or assistant in a post office—who will promptly send you whatever of moment occurs in his vicinity, and will make up at least half your journal of local matter thus collected, nobody in the country can long do without it."

CIRCULATION managers, please take notice! Maybe there's a trick here that's been forgotten in the shuffle—one that's as new and as true today as it was eighty years ago when Greeley edited and published the *New York Tribune*.

"Do not let a new church be organized," he goes on to say, "or new members be added to one already existing, a farm be sold, a new house raised, a mill set in motion, a store be opened, nor anything of interest to a dozen families occur, without having the fact duly though briefly chronicled in your columns. If a farmer cuts a big tree, or grows a mammoth beet, or harvests a bounteous yield of wheat or corn, set forth the fact as concisely and unexceptionally as possible.

"In due time, obtain and print a brief historical and statistical account of each township—who first settled in it, who have been its prominent citizens, who obtained advanced years therein, etc. Record every birth as well as every marriage and death. In short, make your paper a perfect mir-

ror of everything done in your county that its citizens ought to know."

DO you observe the salient characteristics of this noted editor-publisher's method—intimacy, brevity, conciseness and completeness—all of the facts in the case briefly yet fully set down for the record. Greeley then proceeded to urge his correspondent to take an active part in the advancement of home industry and home affairs, and to emphasize repeatedly that reader interest, like charity, begins at home.

Thus Horace Greeley to an editor friend, who was about to start a new country newspaper back in April, 1860, and who had written the famous publisher of the *New York Tribune* for a word of advice.

Old stuff, to be sure, and more or less the identical method, no doubt, that most newspaper editors are using in their job of getting out vigorous daily transcripts of human affairs which bear the peculiar imprint of their own personalities. Only in the syndicated magazine sections is it absent—those sections that come all prepared for quick insertion in the Sunday issue, and that are not home-made and hand-made, and warm with the purveyor's touch, as is the rest of the paper.

WHAT is the prime function, the supreme purpose, let us ask, of the Sunday newspaper, anyhow? More than anything else, perhaps, it is to mirror the passing present, appraising its value, baring its urgencies, and interpreting its trend in such a manner as to be intimate and personal to the man who reads it.

For its appeal will usually be found to be in direct ratio to the personalized character in its contents and this comes in turn from the personal touch of those who create it. To inform, to entertain, and to inspire! Those are the magic essentials out of which the magic rug is fashioned. Those and one more—the heart that warms the hand that shapes it.

So, when we speak of the newspaper of tomorrow, let us try to envision it as a thing in which the personal touch is predominant, leaving "Asia and the Tonga Islands" to those who want them and who probably won't read them, anyway; for, by so doing, I am convinced we shall see the Sunday newspaper maintaining its prestige and appeal to the public in its friendly rivalry with the movies and the radio.

MARK COX (Missouri '37) is assistant sports editor of the Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Nonpareil*.

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

Judges Named

Judges of the third annual research contest of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, have been named by Tully Nettleton, of the *Christian Science Monitor's* Washington staff, national president of the fraternity.

The five judges are: ARTHUR T. ROBB, executive editor, *Editor & Publisher*; ELMO SCOTT WATSON, editor, the *Publisher's Auxiliary*; MARCO MORROW, assistant publisher, the Capper Publications; Topeka, Kan.; PROF. RALPH O. NAZIGER, Department of Journalism, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; PROF. BLAIR CONVERSE, Director, Department of Technical Journalism, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

Nettleton states that any investigation dealing with a journalistic problem or subject completed or published during the year ending Oct. 1, 1937, is eligible for consideration in the contest. One copy of each piece of research—an article, manuscript, or published book—is to be submitted to Nettleton no later than Oct. 5. His address is 1293 National Press Building, Washington.

The first two \$50 research awards were given to Oscar W. Riegel, author of "Mobilizing for Chaos," and Ralph O. Naziger, author of a manuscript study of the American newspaper's reports of the World War prior to American entrance in the conflict. The third award will be made as soon after Oct. 5 as the judges can reach a decision.

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RUSSELL L. THACKREY, Missouri state capital correspondent of the *Associated Press*, and former member of the Kansas State College journalism faculty, will serve on a one-year appointment in the University of Minnesota department of journalism during the coming academic year. Mr. Thackrey has been appointed an assistant professor at Minnesota, where he will teach during the absence of Dr. Ralph D. Casey. Professor Casey will study in England under a Guggenheim fellowship.

Thackrey is a graduate of the Kansas State College department of industrial journalism. While in college he served as reporter and correspondent for the Kansas City *Kansan*, the Kansas City *Journal-Post*, and the Manhattan *Morning Chronicle*. He was successively editor of the student newspaper, the *Kansas State Collegian*, of the student monthly magazine, and the student yearbook.

Following graduation, Thackrey served on the staff of the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, the Wichita *Morning Eagle*, and the Omaha *World-Herald*. From the fall of 1928 until May, 1935, he was a member of the faculty of the Kansas State College department of industrial journalism, leaving that position to join the *Associated Press* staff in Kansas City. Since Jan. 10, 1937, he has been a member of

the Jefferson City staff of the *Associated Press*, assigned chiefly to the state senate.

★

CHARLES L. ALLEN, for the last 11 years a member of the faculty of the School of Journalism at the University of Illinois, will become head of the Department of Journalism at Rutgers University and executive secretary of the New Jersey Press association in August. He succeeds KENNETH OLSON, recently appointed director of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University.

I Didn't Want the Job

[Concluded from page 7]

HE wormed his way out of Gainesville's wreckage and down the highway until the road became impassable. Then he turned into a country lane. It was still raining torrents, and several times his car bogged down. He had to drive through barnyards and across cotton patches to avoid mud holes and fallen trees. When one of his tires went flat, he abandoned the car and hired a wagon. Out on the highway again the wagon became lodged in the traffic, and the man ran and walked the last mile into Lawrenceville. From there he telephoned. He said he was unable to rent a car to bring him on into Atlanta. All the cars in Lawrenceville were going the other way, toward Gainesville.

We still had an hour and a half to make the deadline. I told the man to divide his films into two parcels. One he would leave with the police in Lawrenceville. He would start walking toward home with the other. Meanwhile, I would send out a motorcycle. I told the photographer to stand out in the road and try to thumb a ride. If the motorcycle reached him before he secured a lift, he would turn his pictures over to the rider and return to Lawrenceville. If he succeeded in catching a ride, the motorcycle would go on into Lawrenceville and pick up the second film pack.

The photographer obeyed orders to a T. He divided his films and struck off on foot with one package, leaving the other behind him. Half a mile down the road he was picked up by a bread truck. He did not see the motorcycle all the way into Atlanta. But hardly had he staggered into the office with his pictures than the motorcycle man appeared with the second film pack.

That is the story of how we scooped the world with the first pictures of the

Gainesville storm. It shows, I think, that the men who lug the camera often are real heroes in this newspaper game.

NOW, to get back to Wirephoto for a moment!

It may sound strange, but we sometimes find it easier to get a picture of an Atlantan from some distant city than at their own home. You'd be surprised how many people do not have a good photograph of themselves around to hand out to the press in case of an emergency.

Just the other week, a local woman was awarded a high national honor. But when we called for a picture, she replied that she had none. On top of that, she was ill with influenza and could not pose. The last picture she had had made, she said, was at the home of her sister, in New York.

We obtained the name and address of this sister, and asked the Wirephoto operative in New York to see what could be done. The operative contacted the sister, and in a couple of hours the picture was in our hands.

One-point service, we call this, on the network. It enables members of the Wirephoto chain to secure many pictures in a hurry that would require hours and days to come by ordinary mail.

SPEAKING at the convention in New York of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Dr. George Gallup, noted journalist and authority on public opinion, made an interesting prophecy concerning the newspaper of tomorrow.

Pointing out that 70 per cent of the average newspaper's contents goes unread by 75 per cent of the readers, he predicted that the daily of the future would be printed in larger type, filling wider columns. "Stories will be condensed to a minimum," he said, "and more pictures will be used to tell stories."

Those who will be editors of tomorrow, might bear in mind Dr. Gallup's prophecy and learn the knack of valuing pictures as you value news. Remember that even the ancient Chinese had a word for good news pictures.

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Weeklies

[Concluded from page 5]

were the most popular features in their papers. They do not click unless they have real individuality and not every editor has the knack of putting one over. It takes a sense of humor and the best columns bring out the chuckles and sometimes the pathos in common-place events—some incident at the breakfast table, a robin extracting a large worm from the lawn, eats singing "Sweet Adeline" on the back fence, a pair of new shoes that pinch or squeak.

Some very readable columns are made up of semi-news—personal experiences, anecdotes and local occurrences that do not fit into a pattern of a formal news story. Some editors do a lot of good-natured kidding—and get away with it as long as they kid themselves as well as their friends. We have seen popular columns filled largely with jokes and stories told on the editors of papers in nearby towns. It is all good natured fun as a joke always has more of a point if it is hung onto some individual or told as an occurrence in some specified place. You know how Lincoln gave point to his stories by attributing them to "a man I once knew down in Sangamon County."

The field for human interest features is almost unlimited in the weekly field where the editor knows his subscribers more intimately, their background, interests and experiences. But alas, most editors are content with the prosaic chronicling of routine news—no effort to make it entertaining. The outstanding weekly is usually one that is always hunting for features in the day's news.

TWO reporters, for example, were covering a council meeting. It was mid-summer and there was literally nothing doing. Most of the commit-

tees had no reports and the meeting adjourned around 8:30. One reporter wrote a stick-full of nothing and it was as dry as the meeting. The other reporter worked up half a column on the new problem that suddenly presented itself to the aldermen—how to explain it to their wives why they got home so early. There was nothing to it but some imaginary explanations and what the different ones would do the rest of the evening. He capitalized on the fact there was no news and made readable "filler" that was needed for the quiet dog days of August.

A laboring man died in a town, an inconspicuous individual and one paper gave a short notice—dates of birth and death; and number of children surviving. The other dug up the fact and featured it that as janitor of the Baptist Church he never missed being on the job a single Wednesday evening or Sunday for 34 years. Just a little additional information that one reporter dug up that put life into the story and probably it was mentioned at more dinner tables than any other item in the paper.

A successful editor in Florida once barked at a cub reporter who complained that there was "absolutely nothing doing": "Hell, you can write a column about a dog fight if you only look for the feature in it."

THE make-up on all too many weeklies is a dreary monotony—the latest issue is undistinguishable from the week before or the month before. In this fast-moving age people are accustomed to change and while we do not like freak make-up, we certainly favor variety in make-up, especially on the front page which is the display window for the paper.

The publisher who has made no

progress in 20 years berates the merchant who seldom changes the display in his front window and calls him "an old fogey."

If it is at all possible there should be at least one local picture on the first page and then spot in one or two boxes to prevent a row of "big" heads at the top of the page; one or two double-column boxes at the bottom of the page are desirable but not always—change the pattern. The very name "newspaper" implies something new and fresh. Make each issue different and look different from the last one.

The editor who complains that editorials are no longer read should not criticize his readers. The fellow who is to blame can be seen in the mirror when you shave. Not in a generation has there been a time when so many people wanted to understand new and perplexing problems. New governmental policies have been brought forward, new activities started, and the people want sane, interpretative editorials. What is regimentation? What about crop control or insurance? Commodity credit corporations? What is social security? What is likely to be the real effect of TVA and other alphabetical movements?

THE newspapers that are violently partisan are losing caste. Those who try to be fair, honest and interpretative have a larger following than ever before. Asked to define a modern editorial policy, we answer: "Don't try to tell people what to think or how to vote. Help them to understand so they can think more intelligently and not be guided entirely by prejudices, preconceived ideas and one-sided information."

The style of editorials has changed and the editor who blandly tells his readers what they should think is just wasting his time. The man who can give timely comment, additional information and interpretation is providing a service that IS appreciated.

And now that we have had our say, we must admit it is more or less tripe, for the wide-awake progressive editors know it—and the others do not read THE QUILL.

WILLIAM L. WADDELL (Georgia '34) until recently sports editor of the Albany Herald, has joined the Tallahassee (Fla.) bureau of the Associated Press.

JACK C. OESTREICHER, foreign service manager of International News Service, was the principal speaker at the annual gridiron banquet held at Syracuse University, April 28, under the sponsorship of the Syracuse chapter of Sigma Delta Chi.

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AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

times when a bottle of whisky served to unlock reluctant or stubborn lips.

Scotty, apparently, witnessed the transaction. As the afternoon wore on and Rex's bottle remained tightly corked and sealed in his luggage, Scotty began to complain of a thirst—oh, a terrible thirst. How he wished he had a bottle of whisky handy. Finally Rex took pity on his panting photographic companion, undid the luggage and broke the seal. Scotty drank deeply—and again.

"Gosh," he observed, "that's good. Guess I'll get *me* some whisky."

Rex, looking at the level of the bottle after Scotty's drinks, retorted:

"That might be a good idea at that."

Arriving at their destination, Scotty hied himself to the liquor store and returned to the hotel room with a pint of good whisky. He didn't bother to open it.

CAME evening. Our friends were sitting in a gathering place. They were partaking of highballs and the like. At length Scotty's blood began to assert itself.

"Why," said he, "sit here paying dearly for these drinks when we have whisky of our own in our room? I'll go get it."

A few minutes later he was back—and placed a bottle on the table. Rex took one look at it and yelled:

"Hey, what's the idea of bringing MY bottle back? Why didn't you bring your own?"

"Well," said Scotty, "you see it was this way. Your bottle is *flat* and I could get it in my pocket. My bottle's *square* and it wouldn't fit!"

The Gumps

[Concluded from page 11]

York News Syndicate. The latter two pass upon all continuity written by Edson not for the purpose of censoring him but to aid him in keeping in the groove formerly maintained by Smith.

Genial, pudgy Gus Edson has done a big man's job in maintaining two families: Andy, Min and Chester Gump, and Mrs. Edson and the three little Edsons aged 13, 8 and 6. At his home in Forest Hills, Long Island, Gus maintains two cars that he likes to drive at a fast clip. He does not play golf, has no hobbies and wants to visit Hollywood some day. He has worked Sundays for the last five years and has not had a vacation during that period.

There is only large city in this country that does not buy the Gumps. Here's the sole reason. Several years ago, Sidney Smith had a popular character named Mary Gold in the strip. She was the type that created much sympathy for herself and consequently, Mary Gold had great reader appeal. Unfortunately, she died.

The publisher of the Cincinnati paper carrying the strip was so upset by Mary Gold's death that she cancelled the Gumps and has steadfastly refused to renew the contract. Many thousands of letters and wires poured

in asking for the return of Mary Gold, but she was dead and there is no reincarnation—not even in the comic strip.

In addition to the newspaper comic, the Gumps are a successful feature on a nationwide network broadcast. This has given complete coverage although the radio program in no way coincides with the newspaper presentation.

PROF. FRANK LUTHER MOTT, director of the School of Journalism at the State University of Iowa, is the new president of Kappa Tau Alpha, national honorary journalism fraternity.

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